Can. Clarke, Katherine

To

Edith Galt

Toronto

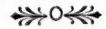
With Best Wishes,

Katie A. Clarke.

TORONTO,

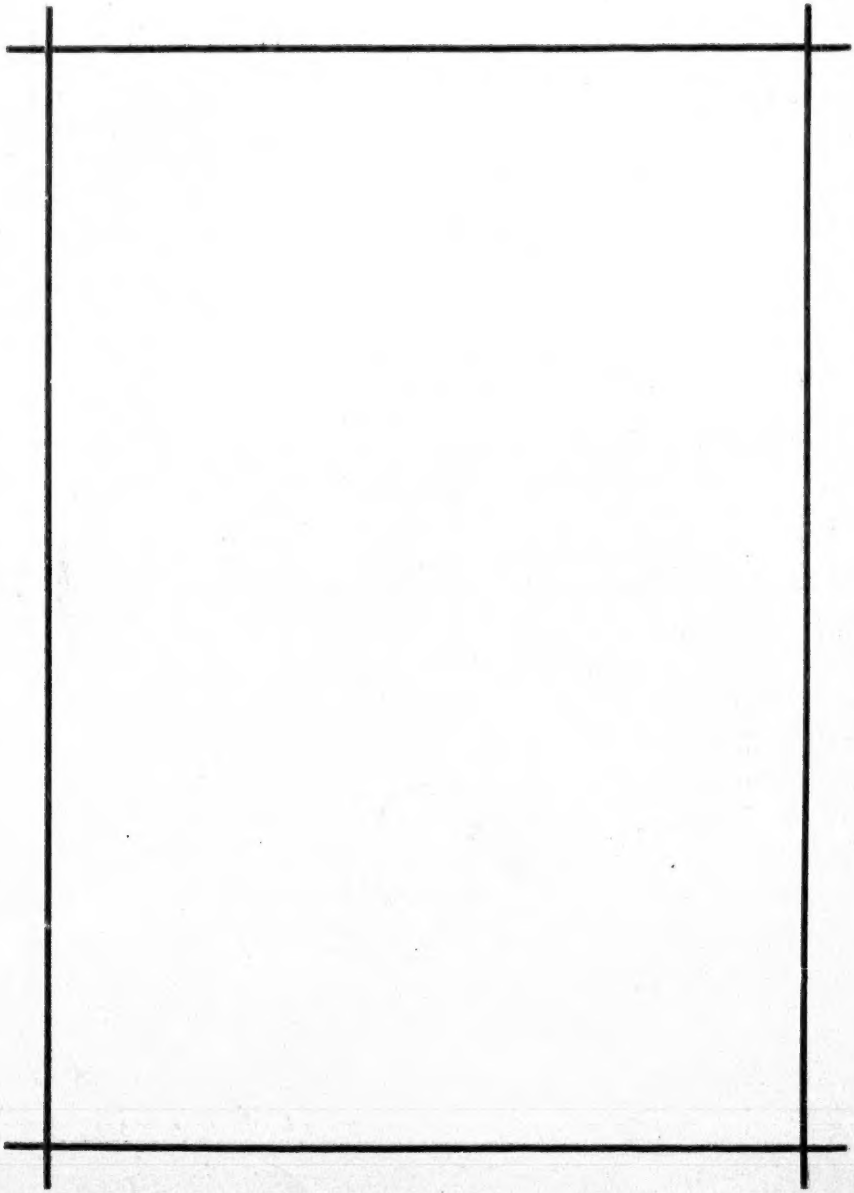
Christmas, 1894.

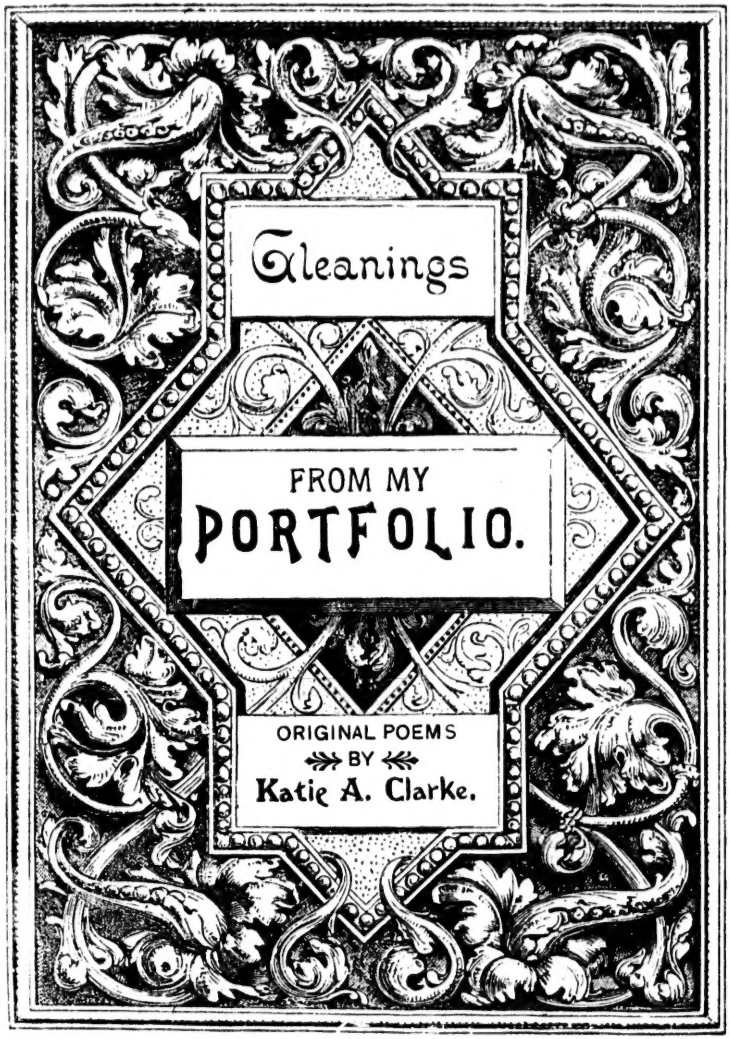
A BLESSING.



"The LORD bless thee, and keep thee: The LORD make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The LORD lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

NUM. 6. 24-26.




Gleanings
FROM MY
PORTFOLIO.
ORIGINAL POEMS
BY
Katie A. Clarke.

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

THE shadows of night had fallen
O'er Israel's far-famed land,
O'er woodland, town, and mountain,
And desert's burning sand.

'Twas the eve of the day of promise,
All nature was wrapped in sleep;
While alone, beneath the moonbeams,
The Shepherd's their watch did keep.

All rested from toil and burden,
The cares of the day were done,
When suddenly, o'er the hill tops,
Rose a brightness like the sun.

It grew in glory and grandeur,
Till the beauty filled the sky,
While angel voices chanted
"Glory to God on high."

"Glory to God" in Heaven,
"Peace and good will" on earth;
We come to bring "good tidings,"
Of the Messiah's birth.

The brightness slowly faded,
And ceased the joyful sound;
Quicker than lightning flashes,
The tidings spread around,

The mountains caught the echo,
And sent it far away;
And the music still is ringing
Throughout the world to-day.

Some heard, and saw, and wondered,
And turned again to sleep;
Some startled—and yet doubting,
Resolved a watch to keep.

Some thought awhile, and marveled,
About the wondrous scene,
And passed again to live their lives,
As if it ne'er had been.

But some there were, a faithful few,
Who trusted in God's Word;
Whose hearts were full of love and praise,
For what, that night, they heard.

With hearts enraptured with the news,
The angels' joyous story;
They set out at the dawn of day
To seek the Lord of Glory.

They found Him in a manger laid,
In Bethlehem's quaint old town;
The long foretold Messiah—King—
At last to earth come down.

They worshipped and adored Him,
With heaven's exulting throng,
And thus earth learned the music
Of the great redemption song.

He came—the King of Ages—
From His bright home in Heaven,
To suffer—die—and rise again,
That we might be forgiven.

A love beyond our measurement,
  Eternal—changeless—deep,
A love that hath the power to save,
  And also power to keep.

So, through all our Christmas greetings,
  The key-note should be Love—
"Peace and good will" to man below,
  "Glory to God," above.

A HAPPY SERVICE

GO work while the daylight is dawning,
  Go tell of Messiah's low birth,
And carry the light of the morning
  Far into the dark lands of earth.
Full soon shall the rays of the Gospel,
  Be merged into sunlight again;
The Day Star but heralds the morning,
  When the Master is coming to reign.

There are many who know not the story
  Of Jesus' first coming to save,

How He left His bright home in the glory,
For suffering, and death, and the grave,
His glad resurrection, and victory,
His ascension to Heaven to reign,
His living to plead for His people,
His promise of coming again.

There are homes that are lonely and dreary,
And hearts that are cheerless and sad,
Many troubled ones, foot-sore and weary,
Whom Jesus alone can make glad.
Then go, as His witness, and carry
The message to all, far and near,
And Jesus will crown every effort,
And give you a Happy New Year.

AN UNKNOWN PATH.

I CANNOT see the years before me,
I know not whether they be brief or long,
Darkened with clouds, weary, rough, and lonely,
Or bright with sunshine, and the voice of song.

I only know that Thou, my King and Saviour,
Wilt surely guide me in the path that's right;
I am so sinful, wandering, wilful, wayward,
Make my will Thine, and lead me into light.

I cannot see the work that lies before me,
The past is marked by failure and with fears,
So much that might have been accomplished;
I mourn my faithlessness with bitter tears.
Help me, dear Lord, by strength Almighty,
To do each task Thy love sees fit to give,
So patient be, in working, or in waiting,
And only for Thy glory henceforth live.

I cannot see the mansion Thou art building,
The golden crown awaiting me above;
I only know that I some jewels yet may gather,
To crown my Lord, & therewith prove my love.
Teach me, Lord, to make Thy will my pleasure,
And in Thy service find my joy complete,
Abiding in Thee, fruitful and victorious.
And in sweet converse sitting at Thy feet.

I cannot see the joy that lies before me,
The bliss when I shall see Thee face to face,

I only know the rest of Thy salvation,
The riches of Thy free and boundless grace,
The peace that passeth human understanding,
Is but the earnest of the life to come;
When earth's dark maze with glory is illumined
By the clear sunlight of the Father's home.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE past has gone forever,
With its smiles, and with its tears,
Its shadows, and its sunshine,
Its trusting, and its fears;
Its sorrows, and rejoicings,
Its gaining, and its loss,
Its victories, and its failures,
Its comforts, and its cross,

The past has gone forever,
With its poverty, or wealth,
Its business, and its pleasures,
Its sickness, and its health;

Its chances oft neglected,
  Its graces left unwon,
The sins we have committed,
  And the good we've left undone.

The past has gone forever,
  'Twill ne'er return again,
Though fain we would recall it,
  Our efforts are in vain.
Gone to Jehovah's keeping,
  'Tis slumbering, but not dead,
And with unerring judgment
  Its record shall be read.

The future lies before us,
  We cannot see the way,
Whether it be in darkness,
  Or bright and golden day;
Whether called to labour on,
  Or lay our armour down,
Whether to bear the earthly cross,
  Or wear the heavenly crown.

We cannot re-call the year gone by,
  Nor see the years to come,

The past has gone from every man,
No future here, for some.
As we ponder past and future,
Our thoughts and hearts grow sad.
But "now is the accepted time,"
To make the future glad.

Between the past and future,
Like a ray of heaven's light,
The present comes before us,
Within our grasp and sight.
A time to ask forgiveness
For the errors of the past,
And in view of future testing,
Seek treasure that will last.

The past may leave us faulty,
In the present we may grow,
And the good we now accomplish,
All future time will show,
Let us be up and doing,
And use the hours to-day,
For quickly dawns the morrow,
With life's chance passed away.

Then sit not down in idleness,
For soon will life be done,
And present, past, and future
Be gathered into one.
When "time shall be no longer,"
In Heaven all day and light,
In Hell, one never changing,
Long, black, eternal night.

Then let us pause awhile, and choose
The better things that last;
Take Jesus for our Saviour now;
He will blot out the past.
We stand now at the trysting place,
Years past and years to come,
Shall they take further from our God,
Or bring us nearer home?

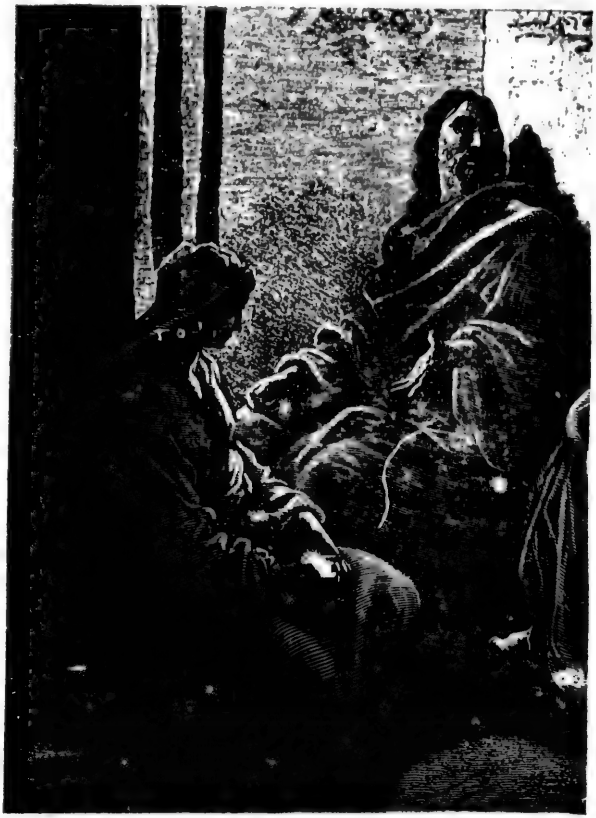
We may not heed, or know it,
We may treat the thought with scorn,
But we are worse or better now,
Than at the last day-dawn.
Holier, nobler, purer,
Nearer to God, and rest,

Or drifting away in the shadow,
  Further from all that's blest.

The past may mock, appal us,
  The future may allure,
One gone, the other doubtful,
  Of the present we are sure.
Now with Christ's faithful follower,
  Who trod the narrow way,
We pray you take "the accepted time,"
  And seek the Lord "to-day."

Oh! wait not a convenient hour;
  Soon comes the judgment morn,
We may not have another year,
  Or see the next day-dawn,
Poor and undone without the Lord;
  Rich, if He be our store,
For time but brings us to that place
  Where time shall be no more.

RESTING AND LEARNING.



AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

OUR "life is hid with Christ," in secret sweetness,
With Christ Who in the Father's bosom lives;
Yes, we are His, and He is our's forever,
As day by day we take the life He gives.

We need not live in darkness here, or sorrow,
Dwelling in Him makes all earth's shadows bright;
For those who claim a fellowship with Heaven,
The King has said, may ever walk in light.

Oh! safe abiding place; Oh! sweet communion;
"Hidden with Christ in God;" all safe above,
He changeth not, and He will ever keep us
Pure, free from sin, abiding in His love.

He died upon the cross to gain our pardon,
He bids us tell the story o'er and o'er,
Walking in light with Him along earth's pathway,
Till we shall see Him on fair Zion's shore.

IMPROVING THE TIME.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Proverbs 27: 1.

THE present task is all we have to do,
The future lies with God and He is true,
He hangs His curtain o'er our earthly view
And bids us work to-day.

The present battle is the one to fight,
To vanquish evil by the Spirit's light,
To conquer wrong, to follow in the right,
And soldiers be, to-day.

In present darkness is the time to shine,
That others may perceive the light Divine,
And seek to know the brightness that is thine.
Then be a light to-day.

The present moment is the one to rest
In childlike trust upon the Master's breast,
Sure that whate'er befal, He knoweth best.
Then walk in faith to-day.

The present chances are the ones to seek
A loving word to weary souls to speak,
A bit of counsel to the wanderer weak,
Some other, help to-day.

The present joys are those for which to praise,
A prayer of gratitude to God to raise,
Whose loving kindness crowneth all thy days,
Be full of thanks to-day.

The present lesson is the one to reach,
To learn the truths the Spirit yearns to teach,
Be silent, listening, while God doth beseech,
And studious be, to-day.

The present moment is the time to sing,
And in rehearsal for the King,
Learn the song with which Heaven will ring;
Then joyful be, to-day.

Live right to-day, and God will bless thy deeds,
This world has need of life, and not of creeds,
Thou wilt a blessing be, if Jesus leads,
So follow Him to-day.

Then daily toil in thine appointed place,
And do thy duty, God will give the grace
Till He return, and thou shalt see His face,
And hear His glad "well done.

BE THOU FAITHFUL.

DO the work the Master bids you,
Whether it be great or small,
He who would be counted faithful,
Must not choose his work at all.

Do the duties that lie nearest,
Pluck the flowers along the way;
Render prompt and cheerful service,
Do not waste the present day.

Do not shun the little labours,
If thou would'st win true renown;
He that's "faithful," not successful,
Shall receive the promised crown.

THE LAW OF THE LORD

PSALM 19: 7-13.

THE Lord's Law is perfect, converting the soul;
Healing the sinner, and making him whole.
God's word is so sure, the fool it makes wise;
It rejoices the heart, and enlightens the eyes;
It is lasting and righteous, and true as of old,
It is sweeter than honey, and richer than gold;
It warns us of danger; it cleanses from sin,
And in keeping its records, rewards here begin.
To hold back from error, and all secret sin;
The remedy surest, is God's word within.

A GRATEFUL SERVICE.

WE thank Thee, oh! our Father.
For our happy Christian land,
Where all are free to worship Thee,
In all Thou dost command.
Our hearts go out in sympathy
For those in heathen night,
Who never heard Thy precious word,
And know not the True Light.

In lands all cold and desolate,
Fast bound in ice and snow;
In countries clad with verdure,
Where living waters flow;
So many are in darkness,
Idolatry, and sin,
They do not love the Lord above,
Who died their souls to win,

"Go tell to every creature"
This is our Lord's command;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Of every creed, and land,

Go wake the sleeping nations,
With the Messiah's call;
Proclaim the sweet old story,
Salvation free to all.

If you have found the Saviour,
And proved His message true,
Then tell to all within your call;
What He has done for you.
It is your Lord's commission,
To preach to all the world;
Then every hour put forth your power.
And keep His flag unfurled.

Arise! be up, and doing,
And labour while you may,
The time for work is passing,
Full soon will close the day.
Add to the Lord's great army,
The brave, the true the strong,
And daily fight for God and right
The strife will not be long.

If you cannot preach the Gospel
In those regions far away;

You can give to send the message,
And speed it while you pray.
Prayer is the golden ladder,
That reaches to God's throne,
And makes weak man omnipotent,
In Jesus' strength alone.

Then bravely battle onward,
And fear not death or loss;
But carry into every clime
The story of the Cross.
And with the Gospel message
Some ransomed sinner bring,
To join with yours their voices
In the Palace of The King.

FULL ASSURANCE.

2 Tim. 1: 12; Nah. 1: 7; Prov. 16: 3;
1 Pet. 4: 19; Psalm 37: 5.

KNOW whom I have trusted," and He can never fail;
No power on earth can ever,
His wealth of love assail.
My Lord and my Redeemer,
Who bought me with His blood;
Who drew me from the desert way, And made me nigh to God.

Beyond the power of telling, is the love of Christ for me;
And wonderous condescension! 'Tis offered full and free,
He brought me from the law of death, and gave me of His Life;

He frees me from the power of sin, and every worldly strife.
I do commit my soul to Him; I know He ne'er will fail;
Against the 'Rock of Ages," no earthly powers prevail.
I do commit my works to Him, however poor, and small;
If they are done for His name's sake, He owns and blesses all.
Lord make me ever willing, to have Thee plan for me,
And only let those acts be done, that pleasing are to Thee.
I do commit my ways to Thee, 'tis by Thy power I stand;
Oh! lead me onward into light, by Thine own guiding hand.
I might not know the way to take, when gathering clouds are near,
But hold me by Thy mighty hand, and I have naught to fear.
Against the love of Jesus; no power can e'er prevail;

"I know whom I have trusted," I know He cannot fail.
And Jesus, King of Heaven, sees each believing soul;
"He knoweth them that trust Him," the ones He hath made whole,
He knows the sin and sorrow, feels for each burdened heart;
He knows each heir of glory, and calleth them apart.
"He knoweth them that trust Him;" for them His prayers avail;
"I know whom I have trusted;" I know He cannot fail.

HE KNOWETH BEST.

WHEN like a thick curtain the cloud of life's sorrows,
Obscures from our vision the bright land of rest;
Then, trusting in Jesus, we learn our chief lesson,
That our way means failure; and His way is best.

A PRAYER FOR HELP

LORD, I am weary, do Thou give me rest;
Let me in faith lean on Thy loving breast;
Comfort and support me, shield me with
Thine arm,
Then though trials press me, naught can do
me harm,

I am so cold and faithless, Oh! send Thy
light within,
Fill me with Thy presence; take away my
sin,

Teach me to follow closely, Thy steps along the way,
To be ever faithful — patient, in the duties of each day.
Though darkness gathers o'er me, and dangers throng the road,
I will journey onward, upward, to the golden hills of God;
Till the pearly gates shall open, to the mansions of the blest,
And I shall dwell forever, in the realm of perfect rest.

ABIDING PLACES.

"In My Father's house are many abiding places."
John 14: 2. (R. V.)

ABIDING Places! — can it be,
That Jesus has prepared for me,
A home, a resting place with Him,
Where truest joys shall never dim?
"Abiding places," beyond the range
Of death, of sorrow, or of change.

FAITH — HOPE — CHARITY

"The Greatest of these is Love."

AITH can grasp the precious promise,
written in the living word,
HOPE can see the future glories; substance of
the things she's heard,
LOVE can feel the glories present, LOVE can
on the promise rest,
LOVE can reach the God of Heaven, lay her
head upon His breast.

FAITH can make this world a palace, and bring
Heaven down to earth;
HOPE can gild the cloud with silver, and turn
sadness into mirth;
LOVE can only find her dwelling in the heart
of Him she loves,
In His arms she proves her Heaven, at His voice
alone she moves.

FAITH and HOPE are but as angels, that can
lead to Zion's land,
LOVE has entered, and forever holds the key
within her hand;

LOVE will make the sweetest music that shall
echo from that shore;
FAITH and HOPE go back to earth-life,
LOVE reigns there for evermore.

LITTLE THINGS.

ONLY a little word spoken in love,
Only a weary soul pointed above
Only a kindly act — a tender smile,
Only a burdened heart cheered for awhile.
Only an angry word kept back by prayer,
Only a loving thought cherished with care,
Only a tiny coin cheerfully given,
Only a grateful heart lifted to Heaven.
Only a battle fought — a victory won,
Only wrong vanquished, and the right done.
Only the little things make up the great,
Only work earnestly — time will not wait;
And at the close of life Jesus will say [aye.
Faithful in little things, I'll crown thee for

"THIS SAME JESUS"

ACTS I: II.

"THIS same Jesus" Who was cradled
Low in Bethlehem's manger bed,
Humbler than His own creation,
"Had not where to lay His head."
Condescended
To be tended
By a lowly maiden's hand.
He whose glory
Was the story
Of the bright angelic band.
"This same Jesus," lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye
To conduct His loving children
To a blessed home on high.

"This same Jesus," Who in childhood
Aye obeyed His parent's will,
Of the universe, controller,
He "the Life," doth all things fill;

Yet so lowly,
Meek and holy,
Lived among us from His birth;
The salvation
Of each nation,
Deigned to dwell as child on earth.
"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye,
To present His loyal children
To their Father in the sky.

"This same Jesus," Who in manhood
Toiled as carpenter with man,
Dignified all honest labor
By its union in His plan;
For He careth
And He shareth
In the common daily task;
Still He liveth,
Grace He giveth,
Every blessing that we ask.
"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye
To reward His faithful workmen
With a crown, and rest on high.

"This same Jesus" Who was ever
Daily walking, doing good,
Life, and light, and health imparting,
Sight and hearing, strength and food,
Sinners knowing,
Yet bestowing
All they need to make them pure,
Teaching, healing,
And revealing
Grace Divine, and riches sure.
"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye
To give comfort to each mourner;
With His hand each tear to dry.

"This same Jesus," Who was taken,
Cruelly, falsely, tried and slain,
Subjected to degradation,
That mankind might live again,
Hear Him pleading,
Interceding
For His murderers, on the Cross,
That possessing
His last blessing,
They be gainers by His loss.

"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye
To call those who here receive Him,
To His palace in the sky.

"This same Jesus," Who has risen
Mighty conqueror from the tomb,
Robbing death of all its terrors,
And with His light dispersed the gloom;
In the valley
He will rally
With His rod and staff Divine,
Keeping, holding,
And enfolding,
Whispering softly, "thou art Mine."
"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye,
When both living, sleeping Christians,
All shall meet Him in the sky.

"This same Jesus," Who ascended
From the mount He loved so well,
Where He gave His last earth message,
Bade men go, His Gospel tell.

Duty showing,
Power bestowing,
That the tidings spread around,
Till the dawning
Of that morning,
When on earth again He's found.
"This same Jesus" lives forever
And is coming bye and bye;
Watch ye, spread abroad the story,
For the hour is drawing nigh.

"This same Jesus, saith the Scripture
Shall so come, e'en as He went,
Quickly, quietly, witnessed only
By the few, the Spirit-sent;
Standing, gazing,
Prayers upraising
To the Master Who had gone;
Angel chidings
Come, with tidings
There is work that must be done;
For this Jesus lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye,
And the faithful ones shall meet Him
All triumphant in the sky.

"This same Jesus," Who hath sent us
Sweet words from His throne above,
"Never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"
Is still unchanged, and full of love;
Teaching, guiding,
And providing
For the ones He counts so dear,
Rich—possessing
His true blessing,
Poor—without His blessing here.
"This same Jesus" lives forever,
And is coming bye and bye,
Let us comfort one another
With the promise "He is nigh."

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

MY blessed, precious Bible,
The Book of books to me,
Written on all thy pages
The love of Christ I see.

Thou didst show me my condition
When far away from God,
That from sin there was remission,
Through Jesus' precious blood,
Though a guilty, helpless sinner,
Trembling before God's face,
Still He, Who gave His life for mine,
Would save me by His grace.
That the very chief transgressor,
Might be made pure within,
If he would but "draw nigh to God,"
And part from every sin.
And when my heart was burdened
With sin's great weight of care,
Thou did'st tell me of a ready ear,
To hear the faintest prayer.
That all who thirst for living streams
Might freely come and drink,
For God "doeth more abundantly"
Than "we can ask or think."
Thou did'st tell of "perfect peace,"
That Jesus Christ will give
To all who will abide in Him,
And for His glory live.

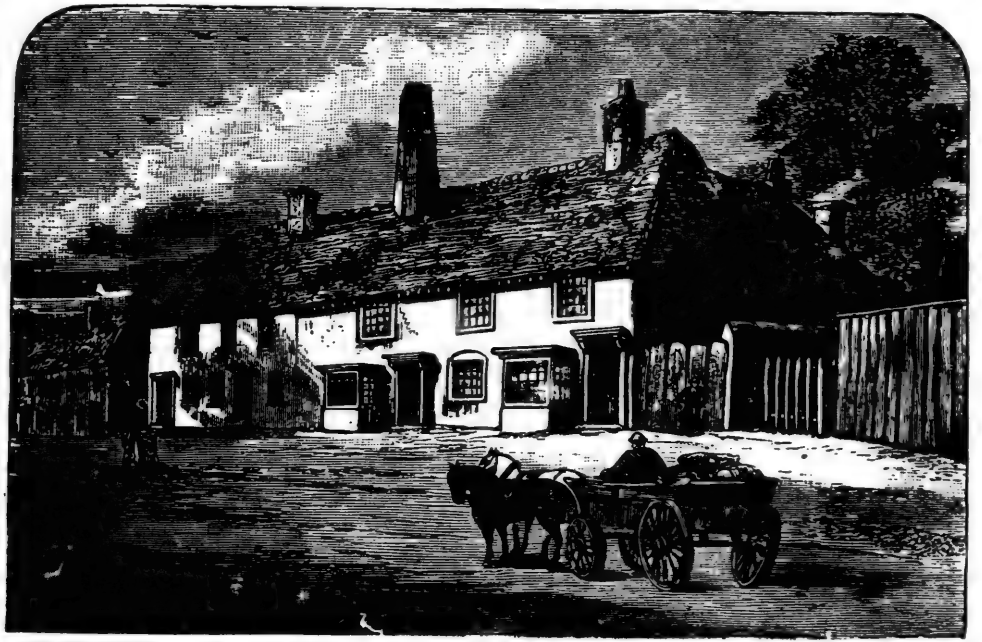
Thy sweet voice whispered of true joy,
Full perfectness of love,
That we can taste while dwelling here,
Foretaste of Heaven above.
My blessed, precious Bible,
I do love thee more and more,
Thy riches are unsearchable,
A free and boundless store.
I will love thee more as years roll on,
Walk ever in thy light,
Till I shall know — where now I trust
When Faith is lost in sight.

S the day sad and dreary? does time
bring naught but loss?
There is rest, and peace, and sunshine, 'neath
the shadow of the Cross;
Is the way long and weary? earth's gold all
mixed with dross?
There are riches — free — unfailing, 'neath the
shadow of the Cross,

JESUS MY KING.

JESUS the meek and lowly,
Abide with me;
Oh! make me pure and holy,
Like to Thee.
Thy blessed presence all the way,
Thyself alone my Guide and Stay,
Thy love more precious every day,
Jesus, my King.

Teach me to tell the story
O'er and o'er;
Live only for Thy glory,
More and more,
Till Thou dost come in glory bright,
And faith be lost in perfect sight,
When earth clouds fade in Heaven's light,
And fulness of Thy love.



BIRTHPLACE OF CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

I WILL PRAISE THY NAME.

Psalm 145: 2.

(Suggested by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.)

REV. CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

MASTER! from my heart I thank Thee for Thy love,
That Thou did'st leave Thy glorious dwelling up above;
My salvation by Thy blood most precious, Thou hast won;
Sealed my pardon — made me Thine forever — all is done.

Master! I will praise Thee, all along the way,
For Thy boundless goodness; praise Thee every day.

Master! more and more I thank Thee; — Thou art mine,
I possess Thy free salvation; I am Thine;

I praise Thee that my soul from darkness Thou did'st save,
That I might conquer, by Thy resurrection, the cold grave;
Master! I will praise Thee all along the way;
For Thy boundless goodness, praise Thee every day.

And when sorrows come, and dark storms gather, fraught with pain;
Thou wilt give the clear bright shining after rain,
Thy voice shall gently whisper to me, "do not fear,
Be faithful — patient — ever watchful, — I am near,"
So Master, I will praise Thee all along the way,
And soon I'll sing Thy praises in Heaven's eternal day.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

"A LITTLE while" while pilgrims here we roam,
"A little while," before the rest of home,
"A little while," of patient, tender care,
"A little while," of sowing seed, with prayer,
"A little while," of earthly joy, or sorrow,
"A little while," and then the glad to-morrow,
"A little while," of suffering, or of loss,
"A little while," to nobly bear the cross,
"A little while," then lay life's burden down,
"A little while," then wear the golden crown,
"A little while," of sunshine, or of night,
"A little while," then Christ & changeless light.

OUR FATHER.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

OUR Father, dear Father, we come to Thee now,
And ask Thee to bless, as humbly we bow,
And teach us to hallow Thy wondrous name,
On earth, as in Heaven, its glory proclaim.

"Thy Kingdom come."

We ask Thee to hasten the glorious hour,
When Jesus in beauty shall rule here in power;
When earth to His footstool, her tribute shall bring,
And over all nations, our Lord shall be King.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven."

And teach us, dear Father, to live in Thy will,
In all life's dark places, to trust, and be still;
With faith in Thy guiding, the crown shall be won,
And 'twill sweeten life's sorrows, if "Thy will be done."

"Give us this day our daily bread."

We ask Thee to give us the blessings we need,
And out of Thy bounty, Thy poor ones we'll feed.
Thy power will sustain in sin's constant strife,
So day by day give us the true "Bread of Life."

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us."

"Forgive us our trespasses," Father! we pray,
As we forgive those who have wronged us today.
May we be Christ-like, forgiving and kind,
Acting ever toward others, with Thy loving mind.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Keep us from temptation; from wandering and sin;
Deliver from all evil, without, and within;
And teach us to walk in Thy life-giving light,
"For Thine is the kingdom," the glory and might.

"WHATSOEVER"

"WHOSOEVER," is the message of salvation, full and free;
He that heareth and believeth, shall be saved eternally,
And to all who thus accept Him, all who have this Gospel heard,
There's the boundless "WHATSOEVER," faithful as His changeless Word.
Seeking first His Kingdom's glory, striving to fulfil His will,
Only earnest in the service, patient in the waiting still;
Ever seek to know His pleasure, for His Word recordeth this:—
Verily "ye ask, and have not, all because ye ask amiss;"
Everything thou needest, ask for; put this promise to the test,
Roll upon His "WHATSOEVER," for in confidence, is rest.

"NONE OTHER NAME"

IN a dream, I thought I stood one night,
By the side of an angel clad in white,
Just outside Heaven's door.
And I watched earth's busy, restless throng,
Moving with noiseless haste along,
Toward Eternity's boundless shore;
And as their term of life was done,
They crossed the river, one by one,
To the borders of Spirit land.

I saw one come to the golden gate,
Seeming impatient at having to wait
Outside the mansions bright.
But the angel asked, "What is your name?
"Upon whose merits do you claim
"A home in this city of light?
"What is your password to enter in?
"To show you are pure, and free from sin,
"For all things are perfect here."

"In PRESBYTERIANISM I believe,
And all the laws of that church receive,
And worship God in a proper way;
I'm honest and upright, and good and true,
Full many a work of love I do,
And money I give each day;
I looked after the poor, yet had much gold still,
So I left it all, ere I died, in my will,
To benefit public homes."

"The glory here is not bought with gold,
There is only one password for young and old;
You cannot enter here."

Then another up to the gateway came,
And again the angel asked, "Your name,
Your hope of rest in Heaven?"

"To the METHODIST chapel I belong,
I pray aloud, and I join in song,
And a very large class I teach.
We have a revival every year,
And the people come from far and near,
To hear some great man preach.

At communion and love feast, I'm always there,
And I never miss the week night prayer,
I'm the Pastor's right-hand man."

"Jesus alone is the way to Heaven,
'No other name' to man is given;
You cannot enter in."

Then another drew near to the portal bright,
And again the glorious angel of light,
Asked for the password in.

In trembling tones, he answered low,
"To the EPISCOPAL church I go;
My father and mother went there.
I've been confirmed — and obey church rule,
I go to communion, and teach in school,
And join in responses, and prayer
My money I generously, lavishly give,
I'm as good as those among whom I live,
I've surely a title to Heaven."

But the angel answered in solemn tone,
"Salvation cometh by Christ alone;
You cannot enter here."

As I watched and wondered, another drew near,
And the angel said, "What do you here?
And how would you entrance gain?

"With the **HIGH CHURCH** party I cast my lot,
I cannot say whether I'm saved or not,
'Tis presumption in sinners to know,
But we've a beautiful church, complete and bright
We take communion by candle light,
'Tis a grand religious show.
We've a sisterhood, and a surpliced choir,
And a white-robed preacher; — we never tire
Of working our way to God."

But the angel sadly shook his head;
"This is no place for you," he said,
"There are no churches here."

Weary and grieved grew the angel's face,
As another arrived at the holy place,
And questions again were asked.

"The **ROMAN CATHOLIC** church I attend,
And hours of penance, and fast I spend,
To atone for sins of the past.

To matins and vespers I always go,
I confess to the priest all my sins that I know,
And hope for salvation at last.
I'm good to the poor, I'm kindly and true
Whate'er my church asks I cheerfully do,
I live a religious life."

"Works will not gain you the land of day,
Jesus Christ is the only way;
You cannot enter here."

Then, last came a poor wayfaring one,
Rejoicing the journey of life was now done.
The angel asked his hope.

"Through JESUS CHRIST I may enter in,
His blood has cleansed away my sin;
Yes, Jesus has died for me.
I once was lost in deep guilt and woe,
He washed the crimson as white as snow,
And made me pure and free."

Then the golden gates flew open wide,
Ant the holy one for whom Christ died,
Passed in to the glory land.

Then the angel pointed above the door,
And I saw what I had not seen before,
The only password for young and old,
"JESUS ONLY," in letters of gold,

Yes, church and religion are all in vain;
They cannot away with sin's dark stain;
But saved by the Master's precious blood,
Made free from sin, and brought nigh to God;
'Tis "JESUS ONLY," and His dear love,
Give salvation here, and His rest above.
Yes! Jesus Christ is the only way
By which sinners can enter the land of day;
The only name to mortals given,
As a title deed of the home in Heaven.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

DEAR Friend, I write to wish you joy,
On this your natal day,
May Heaven's fairest flowers be strewn
Along your earthly way.

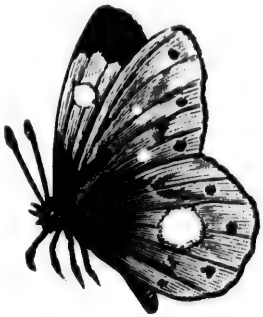
May your path be bright,
With God's own light,
And free from sorrow or care,
For the hearts of those who love you
Remember you oft in prayer.

I will not wish you earthly gain,
For riches give not rest;
Nor yet for years all free from pain,
For Jehovah knoweth best.
He is your Friend,
Whate'er He send,
Will ever come down in love;
He is but making us meet below,
For the better home above.

May "perfect peace" reign within your soul,
Amid earth's toil and strife;
God's glory and God's grace be seen
Reflected in your life;
Your name engraved
On the roll of the saved,
And among earth's noble and true,
May you be blessed by the God above,
As His children are blessed by you.

May Christ's own presence be in your soul,
A joy that shall ne'er depart;
The three-fold cord — Faith, Hope, and Love
Entwined about your heart.
May peace and power,
Fill every hour,
Till the victor's crown be won;
Here, the cross to bear,
There, the crown to wear,
When all earth's tasks are done.

May you long be spared to earthly friends,
To comfort, help, and cheer,
To "rejoice with them that do rejoice,"
To strengthen them that fear.
Then in Heaven above,
By God's great love,
We'll reign through eternal day,
Where heart greets heart,
No more to part,
And all shadows are passed away.



EASTER SUNDAY

FAR down the ages ringing
We hear the silver chime,
Of million voices singing,
This happy Easter time.
Earth music blends with Heaven,
To crown our Jesus King,
All power to Him is given,
All praise to Him we bring.

Oh! grand and wondrous story;
It was for us He died,
That the golden gates of glory
For us might open wide.
He rose, and lives forever,
From death to set us free;
Naught from His love shall sever
Through all eternity.

Then with one voice upraising,
Let earth her tribute pay,
Our Glorious Captain praising,
This Resurrection Day.

"FATHER, I THANK THEE."

FATHER, I thank Thee for the blessings
of the byegone day,
For the help that Thou hast given all along the way,
For the assurance Christ will bear
All my sorrow, all my care,
That He will every burden share,
Father, I thank Thee.

Father, do Thou watch and guard me in my bed,
Let Thy holy angels hover 'round my head,
Keep me safely through the night,
Wake me with the morning light,
Send me on my way aright,
My Father dear.

And when my journey here is done, and death draws near,
Be close beside me then, and calm all fear,
And take me to Thy home so fair,
Where there's no sorrow, pain, or care,
To dwell in peace forever there,
Father, with Thee.

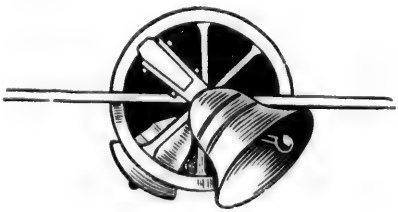
"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

(Song of Solomon 2: 16.)

THOU lovest me, oh! wondrous bliss,
Far, far beyond my heart's desire—
My highest wish;
And at Thy side, my soul is satisfied.

My all in all Thou art,
Pressed to Thine heart
I feel no care, no fear
When Thou art near;
The consummation of all bliss — is this,
To know that Thou art mine and I am Thine.

I know no other will, no power but Thine,
A slave to Thee, yet I am sweetly free.
Oh wondrous liberty of love!
One will all other wills above,
One at Whose feet
'Tis worship meet,
To bow in adoration sweet,
Offering myself, my heart, my all,
In glad surrender to Love's call;
No longer desolate to roam.
For within Thy bosom is my home.



BEHOLD HE COMETH.

Matthew 24: 42-44.

IT may be at the dawning, — at the rosy
light of morning,
That the Master's loving step shall come;
And earth's weary warfare o'er, we shall sin
and weep no more,
But with Jesus rest forever safe at home.

It may be very soon, at the golden glow of noon,
That we shall see our Saviour come again;
Echo far and wide the cry, the Bridegroom
draweth nigh,
Our King doth come, in majesty to reign.

It may be at even light — or in the solemn night,
When the silver moon is shining o'er the sea;
We shall share His glory bright, and be clothed
in spotless white,
With our Lord and Saviour ever more to be.

PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

GO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

FROM over the ocean, the message,
Is sounding toward you to-day,
From those who in sin have been sleeping,
"Come over and help us, we pray.
We know not the truth as in Jesus,
Our nations are lying in night;
Oh! will you not bring us the Gospel,
Ye people that walk in the light."

Close, close to our door comes the story
Of China's vast millions of souls,
While warm with the breath of the desert,
The message from Africa rolls.
From Siam, Japan, and Corea,
From India's women in woe; [beams,
From lips which are touched with the sun-
From hearts that are chilled by the snow.

In many a green flowery island,
Resplendent in nature's array;
In many a country and city,
A welcome is waiting to-day.

So many are willing to follow,
If some will but show them the light,

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE TO HARVEST.

But labourers are scanty in number,
While fields, with the harvest, are white.

So many are living, and dying,
Who never have heard of that Light,
Their lives by the story unsweetened,
Their death is eternity's night.
While ye to your bosoms are folding
The Book with the Saviour's command,
"Go therefore, and teach every nation,
Proclaiming My Word through the land."

Go forward, and give them the tidings, [truth,
The wonderful tidings of
They are suited for every condition,
For childhood, and manhood, and youth.
For the rich, and the lofty in station,
For those who are poor from their birth,
Salvation is free to all people,
All lands on the face of the earth.

Then will ye not give them the Gospel,
Ye people that dwell in the light?
Why leave those to stumble 'mid darkness,
Who might walk with the Saviour in white.

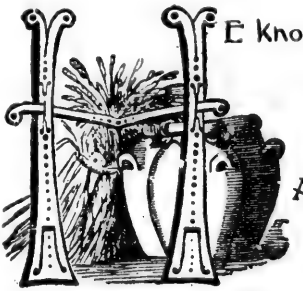
Oh, give of your time, and your talents,
Your prayers, and your silver and gold,
For the Master but tarries His coming,
Till this Word to all nations be told.

TELLING THE STORY IN AFRICA.

Then haste ye, arise, and be doing.
Oh, let not the moments be lost;

The Saviour's "well done" and His welcome,
Will more than repay all the cost,
When out of all climes shall be gathered,
A people prepared for the King,
Who, in glory and beauty, forever
The praise of Jehovah shall sing.

"HE KNOWETH."



E knoweth them that trust in Him,"
Oh! sweet and precious thought,
And He will keep forever sure. [He bought.
Those whom with blood
He makes me whole,
He keeps my soul,
He saves from sin and sorrow,
He plans my way;
I'll praise to-day,
And trust Him for to-morrow.

He knoweth all my earthly path,
And be it dark, or bright,
It ever is the best for me,
For He doth guide aright,
Safe through the night,
To Heaven's light,
He is my hope and stay;
He holds my hand,
By Him I stand,
And let Him lead the way.

He knows how to deliver me,
When tempted sore, and tried,
I need not fear the strongest foe,
When close to Jesus' side.
I'll trust His word;
He is my Lord,
Through Him I'll conqueror be,
And safe above,
I'll sing His love,
Throughout eternity.

THUS SAITH THE LORD.

WHOSOEVER believeth in Jesus the Lord, *John 3: 16.*
Shall know the full truth of His covenant word. *John 6: 37.*
For the love of Jehovah is changeless and true, *Mal. 3: 6.*
And all He has promised, He surely will do. *Rom. 4: 21.*
He seeks for the lost ones, in sin's dreary wild, *Ezek. 34: 11.*
Each sinner that cometh, He maketh His child, *John 1: 12.*
He giveth us peace, He redeems us by love. *Acts 1: 8. John 15: 16, f. c.*
And makes us joint heirs to His glory above. *Rom. 8: 17.*
He'll be with us, and keep us, each step of the way, *Gen. 28: 15.*
At all times, and in all places, in darkness or day, *Matt. 28: 20.*

In constant communion, as moments pass by,
Num. 11: 17.
And earth's common duties seem linked to the sky. *Lev. 26: 12.*
He has promised to bless all the small things of life, *Deut. 28: 8.*
And fight all our battles in sin's weary strife.
Exod. 14: 14.
He never will leave us, but keep us each hour,
Josh. 1: 5.
The weak may be strong in the might of His power. *2 Cor. 12: 10.*
He will keep us from stumbling, and make darkness bright, *1 Sam. 2: 9; 2 Sam. 22: 29.*
He will illumine each sorrow, with Heaven's own light; *John 14: 18.*
He will give to us freely, all blessing we claim,
Esther 9; 12, l. c.
Yea, all that we ask for, through faith in His name. *John 14: 13.*
Naught shall make us afraid, He will save us from sin, *Job 11: 19; 1 John 1: 9.*
All shall be well with His people, without and within. *Eccles. 8: 12.*

They that wait on Him daily, their strength shall renew, *Isa. 40: 31.*

His power, and His wisdom shall carry them through. *Zeph. 3: 17; Hab. 3: 19.*

None shall e'er be ashamed that rely on His strength, *Joel 2: 27.*

For He is Almighty, and will conquer at length. *Rom. 14: 11.*

As a wall of protection, He shieldeth His own, *Zech. 2: 5, f. c.*

And that heart has real safety, where He has His throne. *Zech. 2: 5. l. c.*

All things that He sendeth, must work for the best, *Rom. 8: 28.*

For He hath so promised, and trusting, we rest. *1 Pet. 3: 12.*

He claims our whole being; His will should be sweet, *Matt. 4: 10, l. c. Luke 22: 42, f. c.*

He will "keep us from falling," and make us complete. *Jude 24; Col. 2: 10.*

Though poor guilty sinners, He can make us all pure, *1John 3: 2.*

And "faultless present" us, so His word doth assure; *Jude 24.*

And that word stands forever, though often assailed, *Matt. 24: 35.*
No word of His promise has ever yet failed. *1 Kings 8: 56.*
And we shall be with Him, where joy shall ne'er cease, *Rev. 7: 14, 15.*
And the true King of Righteousness, shall govern in peace. *Isa. 11: 9.*

THE GUIDING HAND.

AS the gentle showers, to the drooping flowers,
Do freshness and life impart,
So from above, may the dew of Thy love,
Gently distil on my heart.

As bright and as free as the deep blue sea,
With the summer sky above,
So, fair be each day, along my path-way,
'Neath the sunshine of Thy love.

If dark grow the skies, and storms do arise,
Yet a Mighty Hand holds them at will,
So in all pain, or sorrow, there's a brighter to-
morrow,
For the Master is guiding me still.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Suggested by a visit made in company with the late Mr. Wm. Gooderham, to his Birth-place.

I returned to the home of my boyhood,
In the old familiar town,
And passed again through the well known streets
I had often wandered down.
The fresh and sweet green hedges,
The leafy, stately trees,
The birds still sang as in bygone days
To the tune of the summer breeze.
Up through the road to the farmyard gates,
Right on to the cottage door —

My childhood's home I had parted from
Full fifty years before.
From room to room I wandered,
While memory, from her store,
Deep things of the past unfolded:
Of the way I had travelled o'er;
I thought of the many dear ones
Who had trodden life's path with me,
Who now are wearing the victor's crown,
By the side of the crystal sea.
In fancy I saw my father again,
As he sat in the old arm-chair,
While we gathered around dear mother,
At the hour of evening prayer;
And all that has come and gone since then
Was sent by Jehovah's hand;
He holds the thread of the tangled web,
And will guide to the glory land.
Than sweetly down through the maze of thought,
Came a voice like music, true
"As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you."
Ah yes! though long years may pass away;
And our earthly homes may change,

There is for us a city fair,
Far beyond sorrow's range,
And though we miss our loved ones here,
They are safe beyond the sky,
Watching beside the pearly gates,
Till the meeting day on high.
'Tis but a narrow line between
That bright land, and our own;
We in the Master's vineyard, work—
They serve before the throne.
And so, through all the time to come,
I'll trust my Saviour—Friend,
Who hitherto hath led me safe,
Will keep me to the end.

THE UNCHANGEABLE ONE.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, & forever.

HE changeth not, what wondrous depth
of sweetness in the thought!
To many a weary, lonely heart, what joy these
words have brought.

He changeth not, though earthly joys may fade
and pass away;
He is the same; in ages past—forever,— and
to-day

He changeth not, though love grows cold, and
pleasures have an end,
Though dearest friends may fail us, He still
remains our friend;
He changeth not, though years may change,
worlds vanish, or decay,
He is the same; in ages past forever,—and
to-day.

He changeth not, whate'er our lot, we have no
cause to fear,
His truth a sure foundation is, and He is ever
near;
He changeth not, we'll reign with Him, when
earth shall own His sway,
JESUS, the same, in ages past— forever—
and to-day.

JESUS, MY PORTION.

THOU Eternal One, Thou ever powerful Saviour,
Thou art mine,
And day by day to Thy loved ones, thou givest
Thy life Divine.
For me there is no death — for Thou hast died;
For me — a sinner -Thou was't crucified;
And now, with me, Thou ever dost abide,
Dwelling in me, my Lord, and I in Thee.

Oh! wondrous tender mercy, Saviour, Lord,
To give Thy love,
To leave Thy Father's side in Glory bright,
Thy home above.
Through nature's voices comes the glad sound ringing,
Thy precious Word the same sweet message bringing,
Thy love has filled my heart with joy and singing,
For, Master, I am Thine, and Thou art mine.

For me Thou hast prepared beyond the sky,
A glorious place.
While ages come and go, I there shall ever dwell,
And see Thy face,
Earth's brief life o'er, I shall forever spend
One long Eternity with Thee, my Saviour, Friend,
At home, at rest, with peace that ne'er shall end,
Crowned by Thy love; my life, my all Thou art.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

PSALM 23.

THE God everlasting, the mighty Jehovah,
Creator of Heaven, of sea, and of land,
This Lord is "my Shepherd," I never can perish,
He holdeth the sheep of His flock in His hand.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," no want can o'ertake me,
He guideth His flock to the tenderest food;

He maketh them rest by the side of "still
waters,"
Withholding no blessing that is for their good.

He healeth, restoreth, and leadeth His chosen,
In pathways of righteousness, day after day:
In "the valley of shadow," I fear naught of evil,
"His rod," and "His staff," will give comfort
and stay.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," no foe can o'er-
throw me,
He provideth, anointeth, and filleth with joy;
His "goodness and mercy" shall follow me ever,
The peace that He giveth, none else can destroy.

"The Lord is my shepherd," and I with Him
shall dwell
Forever and ever in glory untold;
When as the "Chief Shepherd," He cometh to
gather
The far scattered sheep of His flock, to one
fold.